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## Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat, Op. 26.

BY ADOLPH KIELBLOCK.

Among the thirty-two sonatas of Beethoven there is hardly one more universally loved than opus 26, in A-flat major. The noble, pensive character of the work, so well expressed, justly entitles it to this distinction. A vein of sadness, of deep longing, runs through it, touching even the more lively movements, produced partly by the solemn key of A-flat, partly the low position in which the melodies frequently move, but most especially by something that evades description, as proceeding directly from the genius of the tone-poet. Who has stood at the close of a fine day in September, gazing on the setting sun, as the last rays illuminate hill and valley, and not experienced that nameless longing which makes the bosom heave, and moves us to wish for wings that we might fly on and on to those golden fields, where the sun is just going, where all is so much more beautiful, so much better, purer, and where everything, once so dear to us, but now lost, is to be found again? Involuntarily we think of those words from Schubert's "Wanderer":

"Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land,  
Gesucht, gesucht, und nie gekannt?"

Yes, where art thou, my beloved land, looked for, dreamed of, and yet never known? The land so green with hope, where my roses are blooming, my friends are walking,—oh, land, where art thou?

"This sonata," says an eminent critic, "is a model in the treatment of the instrument; thoughtful, many-sided, and truly poetic." Let us glance at each of the four movements in succession. The opening one is an Andante con variazioni, instead of the usual Allegro. In the beginning of the present century, and later, a set of variations stood in high favor with the musical public, so much so that third-rate composers found it a profitable business to devote themselves exclusively to the manufacture of variations, which were devoured by the dilettanti as hotly as they were turned out. The consequence was that the form itself fell into disgrace; but unjustly. Beethoven has cultivated this field most zealously, and clearly shown what can be made of it, not only as portions of his larger works, but independently, as pieces complete in themselves. For most of the latter he took his themes from operas, or selected national airs and other melodies that were popular at his time. The theme which supplies the material for the first movement of our sonata, however, is an original one and belongs to the finest and most characteristic periods that have flowed from his pen. It is not more distinguished for beautiful melody than for beautiful harmony and modulation, all, closely interwoven, forming one inseparable whole. To the most sonorous octave of the instrument the composer has assigned the task of singing this exquisite melody. The same tone, expressive of deep longing, that pervades the Andante, we find more fully developed in the variations. The former a germ, the

latter the full-blown flowers; or, if you will, call the theme a tree and the variations the blossoms.

As with a flower each leaf forms a little whole by itself, so here, in the first variation, every measure forms one; only occasionally do we find them grown in clusters of two or four. More technically speaking, the motive in this variation consists of a short melodic phrase of one measure's length, originating in the depth, and responded to now in the height, again in the depth, in short all around,—always with the same pleading expression: a seeking for something that can never be found.

In the second variation the longing element assumes a character more restless, even to impetuosity; everything is a-stir. It is the imprisoned spirit struggling for liberty. The bass presents the tema in a most energetic manner, the treble bravely supporting it.

Number three, in A-flat minor, offers a striking contrast to the energy developed in the preceding variation. A cloud is hanging over it. In a weary, melancholy mood the melody rises gradually, but indolently and hesitatingly, from the deep E-flat upward in syncopated notes, continually pushed onward by the decided step of its grave companion, *vulgo* bass.

In number four we have the silver lining to the cloud before. It is not well to dwell long in dark moods; so the spell of Minor is broken, Major restored; there is room for innocent sport, so far as the pensive nature of the parent tree permits.

Number five forms the true crown to the whole series. In dress and outfit it appears quite brilliant, and accommodates itself admirably to the nature of the instrument; in spirit and expression it is full of hope and serenity; even the theme, where it enters in its original shape, seems to smile pensively through the sparkling accompaniment above and below it. The glow animating this variation, however, begins to pale in the coda. How sympathetically in the last eight measures the bass answers to the short melodic motive in the treble, until it gently retires, as if to say: now all is ended.

The Scherzo—Allegro molto,—as far as is consistent with the design and character of this form, agrees well with the general mood of the sonata. In many sonatas, symphonies and the like, it seems to be appointed to play the roll of the king's fool, whose office is to make sport of the tears that may have been produced by the Adagio generally preceding it. Its place, therefore, as one of the legitimate movements has frequently been questioned; and it cannot be denied that greater unity is attainable in sonatas where the scherzo is not admitted. But, who could wish that Beethoven had acted on this theory? Some of his scherzos belong to the most wonderful creations from his great genius. We would not even miss this one, small as it is. It sparkles with life and humor, with occasional out-breaks of a melancholy temper, while in the Trio it appears sedate, earnest, even solemn. Interesting

is the second part (of the Scherzo). The treble three times and with much violence attempts a rush upward through nearly two octaves; but the third time the attempt fails, so that twice a fresh start is taken, but with no better result; it attains only to the middle, and there settles, moving indifferently about, apparently at a loss what to do next. The bass takes advantage of this indecision and suddenly seizes the principal subject (at the end of the 28th measure) compelling the treble to run along with it as best it can, or, as we would say in technical parlance, to form the counterpoint. The roles are then changed, the treble asserting its supremacy, ruling the bass triumphantly and with a firm hand, until the close.

We come next to the *Marcia funebre sulla morte d'un eroe* (Funeral march on the death of a hero). Perhaps no single movement of any of Beethoven's sonatas has become so famous among the more cultivated portion of the musical world as this funeral march. It has been arranged for orchestra and published as such; it has been arranged for reed bands, for brass bands and all sorts of bands. The march, it is said, was composed by Beethoven to show that by his productive genius he could out-rival a certain funeral march, from the opera *Achilles*, by the Italian composer Paer, at that time a great favorite with the public. In other words, this *marcia funebre* was designed to kill or cause the death of another *marcia funebre*. We may say, then, we have here a funeral march on the death of a funeral march, since events have proved that Beethoven completely succeeded in his undertaking. The authority for the above statement is probably Anton Schindler, the biographer, or "l'ami de Beethoven," as he used to call himself on his card. Let it be so. We find the march as a part of our sonata and care not how it has come there.

The march, as the composer has indicated, is destined to solemnize the funeral of a hero. Here the mourners are not men and women who follow the corpse with weeping and lamentations, but bearded warriors with swords, muskets and drums; men of steel and iron to whom necessity is law; men not used to display their emotions nor ponder much on a happiness beyond the grave. There is, accordingly, in this composition a total absence of anything that passes under the name of a sweet, pleasing melody. Even the Trio (in A-flat major) which commonly is made the occasion for fine, ear-tickling melodies intended, or rather pretended, to convey comfort and consolation to the bereaved mind—in Beethoven's march resounds with the roll of drums, with the clatter of swords and sabres and with the manifold echo of the volleys fired over the grave of the hero. All is stern, solemn, even to coldness. Only once or twice do we meet with an expression of grief—but, what a grief!—beginning faintly and asserting itself with more vehemence from measure to measure (17th measure from the commencement, etc.), while beneath

it are heard the quiet, solemn steps of the procession. But soon the stern voice of command stops this indulgence; soldiers must not be afflicted with such weakness, and—forward!—with an iron tramp the procession moves on. Once more we find a very mournful phrase in the closing portion of the march (beginning in the 8th measure from the end). A world of grief and tears is reflected from these notes; but all will finally be dissolved into joy; so we are promised, and so the last chord in its change from the gloomy Minor to the serene Major, with the longing fifth above, clearly indicates.

The Finale (Allegro) contrasts strongly with the serious, solemn cast of the funeral march. It rushes along, as if on wings, never pausing in its rapid flight. If the preceding movement suggests death, this Allegro surely proclaims life. After all it forms the proper finale to this sonata. In its dimensions, lucidity and conciseness it harmonizes excellently with the first movements; nor is it wanting in those sombre tints that mark the variations. It is a pleasure to observe how spontaneously this finale unfolds itself, how naturally one thing follows another! At the same time it offers most grateful task to the executant; a piece that any pianist must delight to perform, so well do the motives, phrases and passages agree with the demands of the instrument. The germs of the whole of this movement may be reduced to three. First, the four sixteenth notes (semi-quavers) at the commencement. This motive follows a downward course, all alone, until met by the bass. Here, in the upper part, another motive is introduced, a short, melodic phrase, beginning with d-flat and tending likewise downward, thereby impelling the former to a course upward. Each of these two motives in its turn serves both as treble and as bass, as principal and as accompaniment, or we may say: bass and treble continually change parts. As a third motive may be mentioned the chord in the thirtieth measure, performed successively by bass and treble, confirming the passage (*solo*) of the former into E-flat; two measures later into B-flat; the bass striking on the accentuated part of the measure. From this chord, inadvertently thrown out, as it were, arises the following humorous, sportive bit of melody, moving irresolutely up and down, appearing first in the treble, then in the bass, banished for the whole time of its duration to that loose, transparent, ethereal harmony, called the chord of the seventh; and when finally firm ground is reached, or, as musicians say, a resolution takes place, three brilliant runs down the scale, beginning every time a third higher, finish the pleasant sport in a becoming manner. After the episode in C-minor, all this happens again, but in A-flat instead of E-flat, and in connection with the principal portion of the movement, as observed at the commencement. A beautiful organ point, or pedal bass, constitutes the closing part or coda of the work. The tone that vibrates through the whole sonata once more finds proper expression here. Twice we meet with a sharp dissonance (at the close of the 15th and 11th measures from the end), like the bitter recollection of hopes deferred, longings unsatisfied, while the ruling figure with undiminished speed is winding its way steadily downward, lower and lower, softer and softer, until it has reached that place whence all tones proceed and whither in their natural course they all tend, the deepest depth, when it expires.

### The Voice in Singing.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(From the North American Review.)  
*The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of EMMA SEILER, by a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868. 16mo. pp. 168.*

This little book is worthy of the most thorough criticism, which is already saying much for it. It is an attempt "to bring into harmony things which have always been treated separately,—the science and the art of singing": an attempt begun in the right spirit, cautious, candid, prompted alike by love of beauty and of truth, and carried through in quiet earnestness. And here is the simple story of results, in which much that is new is reported without egotism, and more anxiety is shown that the new knowledge may not be misused than to win credit for discovery. It is not a manual of singing, and does not profess to teach the art. It is a memoir embodying results of scientific observation while yet fresh, and pointing out their practical value, abounding, for the rest, in pregnant hints of what has been lost in the once noble art of song, and how it may be won back, and what good singing is. Beyond that, too, it has another charm, in that it is the record of a life's devotion, wherein all is set down so simply and so clearly, with such single wish that all may learn, as to give it unconsciously a beauty and a value as a literary production. The unpretending little book is really in its way a work of art, and, if only in that sense, was worthy to find a translator in the accomplished "Member of the American Philosophical Society" who has done so excellent a service in introducing it to the American reader.

Madame Seiler is a German lady, who to a musical character as such unites rare scientific attainments. After studying with the best masters, German and Italian, and singing with favor in concerts, she thought herself qualified to teach; but, more conscientious than most teachers, she was unwilling to proceed in the special culture of individual voices in the dark. Seeking light in schools, she found contradiction and confusion; doctors disagreed; each had a system of his own, with plentiful lack of reasons; no two used terms alike; in the jargon about registers, &c., all was bewilderingly vague, as every one who goes from method to method, from master to master, seeking to learn to sing, is pretty sure to find. Losing her voice at last (under an eminent teacher), she turned her attention to the piano, but without ceasing to pursue the knowledge of the human voice, as she indeed showed by choosing for her piano-teacher old Wieck, of Dresden, Clara Schumann's father, who is at the same time one of the wisest singing-masters of the day. There, too, she learned what she could by hearing Jenny Lind, in whom almost alone the great tradition lived. In Italy, the land of song, and in the schools of France, she also tarried, only to find "no sure and radical knowledge." Finally, the scientific instinct hinted of a surer way, and she sought the counsel of Professor Helmholtz, at Heidelberg, the great explorer of the natural laws of musical sound, from whom Tyndall draws so much which he has popularized in his delightful "Lectures upon Sound." Under his guidance she devoted herself to a long and patient observation, by means of the laryngoscope, of the physiological processes that go on in the larynx in the production of musical tones. "My special thanks are due to him," she says, "that now, with a more thorough knowledge of the human voice, I can give instruction in singing, without the fear of doing any injury." In 1861 she published in Germany a part of her investigations, now incorporated with other matter in the work before us. Coming to this country with the fullest endorsement by Helmholtz, who speaks of having been assisted by her in his own "essay upon the formation of the vowel tones, and the registers of the female voice," she has taken up her abode in Philadelphia, where she has won the esteem of the most cultivated persons, and where her labors as a teacher of singing are already said to be

bearing fruits worthy of her zeal in seeking a scientific basis on which to restore the natural method.

Opening with the common complaint, too well founded, that fine singers are becoming more and more rare, the book is full of regretful allusions to "that rich summer-time of song, not yet lying very far behind us, in the last half of the last century," when we read of such a multitude of noble voices, so full and sweet in tone, so wonderfully preserved, when measured by the short career of singers now-a-days. Catalani, Malibran, Rubini, Mara, were among the last of them. The first chapter is historical, tracing the rise, development, and decline of vocal music in a concise, clear, interesting manner, and showing how the very study of expression in the dramatic singer, the very aesthetics of his art, gradually tempted him into the neglect of its externals, of the sound culture of the vocal instrument, until it began to be thought only necessary to be *musical*, or at the most a singer, to be qualified for a teacher of singing. And so the tradition of true song was lost. True as the old Italian school was, it was yet *empirical*; it had found Nature's way by instinct, treasuring up lessons of experience; it "builded better than it knew"; its pupils "learned by imitation, as children learn their mother tongue." The tradition once lost cannot by empiricism be restored, nor by intuition, nor by any means short of a scientific verification of principles. Most men have drunk adulterated wine until their taste is no criterion of genuine flavor; so in the vocal art, "our feeling is no longer sufficiently simple and natural to distinguish the true without the help of scientific principles." It will not do to trust to Italian teachers just because they are Italian, and because (as Jenny Lind once said to us) the one only school of song is the Italian; but that, even in Italy, in these Verdi days, exists no longer. Broken-down Italian opera-singers, with pupils thronging to them in all countries, do the fashionable mischief. They have not known enough to save their own voices through a short summer's day, but they do know enough to spoil the voices of our children.

This by way of introduction. In the second chapter we come to the core of the matter, the "physiological view" of the voice, showing how sounds are formed in the larynx. The history of such investigations is first briefly sketched, beginning with the experiments of Müller, who succeeded in producing all the tones of the human voice from the exsected larynx, and ending with Manuel Garcia's observations with the laryngoscope, he having been the first to apply this instrument to the larynx in the act of singing. Garcia's results are cited in full in his own words, and a brief anatomical description of the vocal organ, for the aid of the unscientific reader, is found in an Appendix. "The most eminent of singing-masters now living," Jenny Lind's master, did this of course purely in the interest of vocal music, watched the vibration of the vocal chords, and the concurrent play of the other portions of the larynx, with patient scientific accuracy, and his *Mémoire* was favorably reported on in the French Academy of Sciences. He did a great service, if only in establishing truly scientific method of inquiry. But his results are, after all, incomplete and vague, especially in the cardinal point of determining the transitions of the registers, and though he names the *head tones*, he tells us nothing of them.

Madame Seiler's own use of the laryngoscope has been directed solely to the discovery of the natural limits of the different registers of the voice. Slowly and patiently getting such control of the epiglottis, or lid which covers the glottis, that she could at will lay bare to sight the whole length of the vocal chords, (Garcia tells us that one third of the glottis was always hidden from him by the epiglottis,) and learning to produce tones freely and naturally under such constraint, she is convinced that she has absolutely and precisely fixed the limits, not only of the three registers commonly, though vaguely, recognized,—the *chest*, the *falsetto* and the *head*,—but also of an upper and a lower series of tones in the

chest and in the falsetto register, thus making in reality five series of tones or registers, due to five different actions of the vocal organ, which are thus distinguished :—

"1. *The first series of tones of the chest register, in which the whole glottis is moved by large, loose vibrations, and the arytenoid cartilages with the vocal ligaments are in action.*

"2. *The second series of the chest register, where the vocal ligaments alone act, and are likewise moved by large, loose vibrations.*

"3. *The first series of the falsetto register, where again the whole glottis, consisting of the arytenoid cartilages and vocal ligaments, is in action,—the very fine interior edges of the ligaments, however, being alone in vibrating motion.*

"4. *The second series of the falsetto register, the tones of which are generated by the vibrations of the edges alone of the vocal ligaments.*

"5. *The head register, in the same manner, and by the same vibrations, and with a partial closing of the vocal ligaments.*"—p. 65.

The falsetto register covers the same tones in the male and in the female voice, that is, the same octave in the general scale of tones. To the popular notion with which most of us grew up, this is at first bewildering. By *falsetto* we were wont to understand that sort of feigned or false voice with which a man would try to sing like a woman. Now all the singing masters, Madame Seiler with them, being too much engrossed with things to cavil about names, borrow from the supposed *false* male tones a name for the same range of real tones in the female voice, where they are principal and normal. They are real likewise, and legitimate in the male voice, only not characteristically masculine like the chest tones; whereas of the average female voice the *falsetto* is the best part, the most womanly, most musical and beautiful. Our author marks the transition from the chest voice to the falsetto with a precision to which we have not been accustomed heretofore. It falls alike in all voices on the same tone, *fa* ♫, while the other transitions differ by a note or two, because the male larynx is a third larger than the female. This is important.—On the other hand, it is not clear that she recognizes any head tones in the male voice.

Whether these results are final is more than a mere literary review may undertake to assert; that question must be left to the more thorough criticism which we began with saying such a book deserves. It is for scientific experts, themselves familiar with the use of the laryngoscope, and with the art of singing, (and we have such among us,) to audit the account. But there is strong presumption in favor of Madame Seiler's statements: first, in the evident conscientiousness and carefulness of her investigations; then, in the fact that they have been repeated by men of science in Germany, and acknowledged as correct, and in the endorsement of men like Helmholtz and Du Bois-Reymond; then, in the practical wisdom which lights up every page, when it comes to the application of these principles to the culture of the voice; above all, in the irresistible persuasiveness of the whole spirit of the book, so sensitive to the demands of art as well as science, so fully alive to the spiritual as well as the physical conditions of good singing, so candid and impartial, and with such a zeal for truth, burning quietly and deeply, shining without rhetoric, blurred by no sentimentality. It is, at all events, a work by one of the right sort of character for such an undertaking.

But whether the soundness of the physiology be absolutely proved or not, there can be no doubt of the value of the application here made to the culture of the singing voice. The rules deduced are excellent. Thus, first of all, the registers may not be forced up beyond their limits without "a straining of the organs which may be both seen and felt, and no organ will bear continual over-straining." This is the chief cause of the decay of voices. Tenors, emulous of some Duprez's *do di petto*, try to force the action of the chest tones up into the rightful domain of the falsetto; the registers become confused by habits wilfully begun, the natural limits are lost sight of, till the voice, continually weakened, is destroyed. Again, it is shown how the falsetto

tones, without ceasing to be such, may be educated to a strength and fullness hardly to be distinguished from the chest tones. How much better this than "the forced-up chest tones of our tenors, sung with swollen-out throats and blood-red faces!" Again, how we are misled by the terms *chest, throat, head tones*,—a distinction purely imaginary, a matter of the nerves; physical sensations being confounded with the seat of actual processes, which for all tones is in the throat, the larynx! And yet how rightly may the singer know which kind of tones he is producing by these same sensations! Passing a multitude of good directions about the training of the soprano and the other voices, (noting by the way that Madame Seiler, contrary to the common notions, finds mezzo-soprano and baritone voices by no means so common as the four chief kinds,) we only mention further the important advice, that the male voice should be trained by men, and the female voice by women: for this lady is not the slave of science to believe that singing can be learned by scientific explanations, when it must be done by imitation of examples, as the child learns to talk.

To the physiological succeeds the *physical* view, which tells us how to treat the instrument we have examined. This third portion of the work is full of sound suggestions. The laws and properties of tone are briefly recited, after Helmholtz and Tyndall, and particularly the *timbre* of tones, and its dependence upon what are called the *over-tones* (harmonics) which mingle with the fundamental tone, are dwelt on. Upon these natural laws are founded excellent instructions, chief among which are those related to the control and the division of the breath; the importance of avoiding a *too great pressure of the breath*, lest "the form of the waves of sound most favorable to a good tone" be disturbed; the danger of the too common exhortation "to bring out the voice" as strongly as possible, in the first exercises, instead of beginning gently, gaining strength by slow and sure degrees; then the right direction of the vibrating columns of air, *bringing the voice forward in the mouth*; then the great matter of the vowels, and the adaptation of certain vowels to certain tones, so much neglected in the setting of words to music, and in which the old Italian vocal music offers the most classical and faultless model. And here the German author, with all her enthusiastic feeling for the great song-composers of her country, shows her candor in confessing that these have not understood this matter,—nor another equally important: Schubert placing the words so that the favorable vowels seldom come upon the right tones; Schumann using intervals which come upon the boundary tones of the register; and Mendelssohn often laying the stress in his soprano songs upon the *fa* ♫, the transition from the falsetto to the head voice. What an importance this gives to the manner in which the words of a song are translated into another language! But we are anticipating. Flexibility of voice comes in for a good share of attention, and exercises to this end are recommended at an early stage,—florid passages, trills, other ornaments, arias before plain ballads: for the cultivation of flexibility is the "easiest and most grateful part of the education of the voice"; the large, sustained delivery of longer tones in simple melody, with all the light and shade and accent of expression, being indeed the last and crowning beauty of the singer's art. Purity of tone, too, is a theme not lightly nor pedantically treated. But what avails it to skim over so many tempting topics which we can only name?

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the last chapter, in which the aesthetic view of the art of singing is presented very briefly, but with such sound common-sense and fine perception, and so beautifully and simply, that we would fain quote the whole. Of many good sayings take these specimens:—

"An artist must, therefore, be esteemed according as his works excite and ravish the hearers or beholders without their knowing why; and he stands all the higher, the simpler and the more naturally, i.e., the more unconsciously this takes place."

"Empty and dead as all technical knowledge is,

unless it is animated with a soul, yet no product of art aesthetically beautiful is possible without a perfect technique."

"Unhappily, our whole music is vitiated by this sickly sentimentalism, the perfect horror of every person of cultivated taste. In these later years the powerful reaction of German aesthetics has had favorable results in regard to instrumental music; but in the execution of vocal music this unhealthy fashion of singing still always commands great applause. This sickly sentimental style has also naturalized in singing a gross trick, unfortunately very prevalent, the *tremolo* of the tones. When, in rare cases, the greatest passion is to be expressed, to endeavor to deepen the expression by a trembling of the notes is all very well, and fully to be justified; but in songs and arias in which quiet and elevated sentiments are to be expressed, to tremble as if the whole soul were in an uproar, and not at all in a condition for quiet singing, is unnatural and offensive."

Under this head the subjects of rhythm, correct understanding of the tempo, composition, the delivery of the sentiment of a work, and the aids to a fine execution are treated with good taste and judgment. And, finally, the time for beginning instruction is discussed, with strong recommendation of an early age, but with caution against the dangers to the young voice of singing in schools in chorus, where the teacher is satisfied, if the tones are only pure and the time is kept, but pays no regard to the formation of the tones.

The book is admirably translated, and on the whole we must regard it as the best essay upon the voice in singing that has yet appeared.

## Two Sisters.

A CHAPTER FROM RAU'S "MOZART."<sup>\*\*</sup>

At the time of which we write, the fine city of Mannheim, round which the Rhine and Neckar are extended like protecting arms, had, on the side toward the former stream, an imposing entrance-way, surmounted by an elegant stone arch, and called the Rhine-gate. On the keystone of the arch is cut the coat of arms of the Elector who built it, Karl Philip, and beneath the shield these words:

BONUS PRINCEPS NUNQUAM  
UT PACI CREDIT NON SE  
PRÆPARET BELLO.

"A good prince never trusts peace so far as not to be prepared for war."

Close by this Rhine-Gate of Mannheim stood, in the year 1777, a small, unpretending house. It made no display of size or expensiveness, but it was pretty and home-like, and showed at the first glance that its inhabitants believed in order and neatness. Two five-sided bay-windows, rising into turrets, projected on the sides of the house, as if there were eyes within which liked to see out; and from the gable windows above, those eyes could enjoy a splendid view across the Rhine.

The owner of this dwelling was an open-hearted, honorable man, named Weber. His position was not indeed among the high ones, but he had an office under the Elector, which he had filled with the greatest fidelity for many years: his salary had, until recently, been only two hundred florins a year, which was little enough, with wife and six children—five daughters and a son. But now the household circumstances were a little less straitened, since, as a reward for his long faithfulness in the service of the Elector, his salary had been raised to four hundred florins. Fortunately, too, he owned the pretty house of which we have spoken, and had a little side-income from two of its chambers, which were rented to an old friend of the family.

But small though his house and his salary were, the contentment and happiness of the Weber household were great. There was not one of the family who made any further demand on life than for health, cheerfulness, daily food, and, as the spice of all these, the heartiest affection for each other. And, in truth, fate was so friendly as to richly satisfy these modest demands. The father and mother had the firmest health, the children bloomed like fresh roses, and since bodies were sound and souls were satisfied, of course cheerfulness and contentment were not wanting; while the pleasant family-life made all desire for outside pleasure superfluous.

Her Weber was no dry and juiceless husk of a man, such as many lawyers of that day were; on the contrary, he loved art and science, and though his limited means made the purchase of books or the en-

Mozart: a Biographical Romance, from the German of Herbert Rau by E. R. Sill. New York: Lippoldt & Holt.

joyment of concerts a rare indulgence, yet the good man had many a friend who was glad to lend him choice volumes, and give him invitations to feasts of music. Music was one of the greatest pleasures of the Weber household, and the father spent many an hour in playing the old clavier, which it was the hope of his life to exchange for one of the new piano-fortes, at that time just coming into vogue in Germany. His scholarly and musical culture was kept constantly burnished by his duties as teacher of his children. For in those times a man's education was prevented from becoming rusty by the necessity of being his own family's schoolmaster. Some idea of the facilities for school education may be got from this fact: that even at the court of the Elector, the teacher of the young nobility ranked below the head hostler. The court coachman got a salary of three hundred florins; the vice-coachman and the twelve trumpeters each two hundred and fifty florins; the teacher—Professor Philosophie—two hundred florins, annually!

Herr Weber had, in his wife, a priceless assistant in the education of his children. She was good troops in every respect:—notable as a housewife, simple, economical, unweariedly diligent, bent upon good order, and sincerely pious; without in the remotest degree belonging to that class of women whose piety runs to a sentimental playing with religious feelings.

The oldest two of the children were girls. Aloysia was fifteen years old, Constanze fourteen. Both were beautiful, and blooming as fresh rosebuds on which the morning-dew still trembles.

They loved each other devotedly; yet their characters were strongly contrasted. Aloysia, who had a fine voice and was educating herself for a singer, was full of life and fire. Nothing appeared to her too difficult or unattainable; her zealous diligence bore down all obstacles to reach a chosen end. And this end the maiden had already determined upon—to charm the world with her voice. She was therefore passionately enthusiastic in music, and revolved in dreams of being herself a priestess of it.

It was quite otherwise with Constanze, who seemed much more restful, quiet and spiritual than her sister. She was still a child, in the strongest sense of the word. She lived like a modest and lovely flower, born to bloom only for its own little forest-nook. That which especially characterized her was a tender sorrowfulness, to which she seemed inclined by nature. To a keener insight it was apparent that this disposition to melancholy was nothing but the reflection of a deeply sensitive soul, exalted and moved by its inner unfolding, as it passed from childhood into womanhood.

Constanze had continually a vague, undefined consciousness of something, she knew not what, unfolding and developing in body and soul. She sought to understand it, but in vain; yet often its tenderness and yearning melted her even to tears. When, at such times, her sisters would banter and rally her, she could be as gay and merry as any of them; but the gayety on her part always seemed a little overstrained. Constanze had, perhaps, more docility and patience than Aloysia, and loved music as well; but her voice, though soft and sweet, was not powerful.

All the Weber children had pure hearts behind their pure faces. They had but little to do with people outside of their own household; and of the world's wickedness they knew nothing. Never had they heard a word or a tale at which their cheeks must redder or their eyes be cast down.

Of finery in dress they had no notion in that household. What they understood by "dress" was only extreme neatness and tidiness applied to the simplest materials. Therefore, whenever Aloysia or Constanze completed their dressing, by putting a flower in their fine hair, they had no thought of how they were made more beautiful by it, but only how beautiful the blossoms looked upon them. So lived they, in pleasant, quiet contentment, with hearts warm to each other, and friendly toward all the world.

Aloysia had already made her *début* on the Mannheim stage in the opera of *Lamori*, and had been well received. There seemed to be nothing to prevent her taking the position of prima-donna at once, except her lack of dramatic power. But this entrance upon the somewhat perilous life of the stage had made no difference in Aloysia's character. Her girlish bashfulness, of course, was removed; but the childlike modesty of her heart remained untouched. She possessed a great safeguard in her teacher, Wendling, who was conductor of the orchestra and a warm friend of her father's. Neither had her entrance into a public musical life made any great changes in the household. She could not, it is true, so regularly help in the housekeeping as before, on account of her practising and rehearsals; and at such times Constanze took her place at her mother's

side. But in keeping the house tidy, in making the younger children's garments, in the evening employments of spinning and knitting—all was as before. She was the same diligent, simple-hearted, cheerful daughter of the house; only there was a little tinge upon her face of increased dignity, and a certain respect paid to her by the others, as to one who had been out in the world.

The mother's true heart was a little disturbed at the future prospect which seemed to open before Aloysia. It was such a seductive career, that of a public singer, and the child knew so little of the temptations which were in store for her! Sometimes her motherly anxieties would express themselves in silent shakings of the head, or words of regret that the loud world would claim her oldest darling.

At such times father Weber would bring to her, to comfort the calm, restful force of his reason, and show her how it was a true gift from God, that Aloysia possessed such voice and such aspirations; and how it was unchristian to be otherwise than thankful for it. The maid had good principles, and so long as she held fast to them, he had no fear for her.

"You are right, good man!" Fran Weber would reply; "you are right! I am a foolish woman—but you know how Aloysia has grown a part of my very heart!" and she would brush a tear from her eyes with her apron corner.

Not less so, indeed, were the other children to the good mother; but naturally the anxiety which the eldest caused, made her doubly dear. Is it not always so?

Nothing could be pleasanter than the group in the comfortable sitting room, especially of an evening, when the raw autumnal wind beat and shook the round windowpanes in a ghostly way. Then the smaller children would be clustered near the fireplace, where a bright fire crackled and glowed; whilst Johanna and Maria sat knitting warm garments for themselves or the others, and the mother, with Aloysia and Constanze—sometimes, too, Wendling's daughter, Gustl—kept their spinning-wheels whirling and humming. Herr Weber, meantime, would be playing the old clavier, or walking up and down the room, in his long dressing-gown, his pipe in his mouth, listening to the talk or singing of the others.

Not for tons of gold would Weber have given up these hours at home; and if now and then a friend, as Wendling, joined the group, and the conversation became more interesting, he was happy as a king.

On such an evening the family were so gathered together about the cheerful fireside. November had set in, raw and fierce, and an icy wind came whistling from the Rhine, beating and rattling about the bow-windows, so that now and then a single slate tile from the gable roof would fall crackling into the street, and the staid old weathervane was whisked around till it squeaked with anger.

A fine rain blew against the windows, as if mocking spirits of the night were beckoning and making signals to the maidens, who from time to time would glance up, as an unusually spiteful gust whisked against the panes.

"Nice weather, this!" said father Weber, cheerily, stopping before the fire as he paced up and down in his gown of flowered chintz, and puffing a fragrant cloud from his long pipe. "You'll have no calls to-night, girls!"

"None made of sugar or salt, Papa, that's certain!" said Constanze, looking up roguishly.

"None at all, I hope!" said the mother: "we are pretty well off, as we are."

"Yes indeed—yes indeed I!" replied Weber, with heartiness: "but how I pity, such nights, those human creatures who stand alone in life, and never know what a home is!"

"Poor souls!" returned Fran Weber: "no one knows better how to pity them than we women; for no one can appreciate so well as we what they miss."

"Yes, the family life!" said the father, standing in front of Aloysia, and laying a hand lovingly on her shoulder. "Mark this well, you girls! that woman has the family life to thank, for what she is to-day. What was she in the early times of all nations? Nothing but a slave! Even with the Greeks, exalted as they were, woman was shut up to the narrow circle of the one house and its petty concerns—shut up, for that matter, in a few rooms, called the female apartments!"

"And musn't they see even their papa?" asked little Sophie, in surprise.

"Yes, the father and the husband—nobody else!" answered Weber, with a smile.

"With the Romans, though, it was better," said Aloysia.

"Perhaps—a little," replied her father; but with them, as with our own chivalrous ancestors, there was, in the very reverence paid to woman, an implied

contempt. The Egyptians worshipped their cats, you know!"

"How horrible the Oriental life must be to women!" said Constanze.

"Body and soul in chains," replied her father,—"iron chains or golden ones, it matters little which. Where there is family life, there only is woman's position secured."

"Ah!" exclaimed Aloysia, "if we only had the strength and independence of men! I feel, every day, that there is no lack of good purpose in me, to do something great and distinguished; but the strength, the strength is wanting!"

Herr Weber smiled at his daughter's eagerness. Taking her by the chin he lifted up her glowing face and looked down into her eyes for a moment; then releasing her, he said—

"I thought my Aloysia never lacked for courage, strength, or confidence."

"That is not always true," replied the maiden; and in her earnestness she made her spinning-wheel hum so swiftly, that the thread broke in her fingers.

"Nor need it be," said the mother, at that: "otherwise many a thread in life would be snapped. Strength, for men: patience, for women!"

At that moment came a loud knock on the street door. All listened while the old servant, Kathrina, went to the door, with her keys rattling in her hand. They heard the lock turn, and then a hearty voice inquire, "Are they at home?"

"That's Wendling!" said father Weber; "but what does he stop on the steps to ask that question for?"

But Kathrina's answer had already been returned, and they heard two people come into the hall.

"He is not alone!" muttered Weber, a little put out at the idea of having his pleasant evening disturbed by a stranger. But at the familiar tap on the sitting-room door, he called out, "Come in!" and the door opened.

It was indeed their old friend Wendling; but to their surprise, there stood at his side an unknown young man, of slight and not particularly imposing form, with a face not beautiful certainly, but peculiarly interesting, the brow high and swelling out at the temples, the mouth finely cut, and the eyes deep and full of soul.

Wendling, who was evidently in the best of humor, cried out, gayly—

"Haven't I surprised you? In such abominable weather—you ought to see the soaked hats and cloaks we gave to old Kathrina!—at night, too, and especially in company with a strange visitor!"

"Who bring your forgiveness for the intrusion," said, with a courtly bow, the young man; "but the Herr Orchestra-conductor—"

"Led you astray," interrupted Wendling, laughing; "because he knew that he would be giving a great pleasure to the Webers, and at the same time showing his young friend something pleasant."

"At all events you are both heartily welcome," said father Weber, shaking hands with them cordially: "Wendling knows it for himself; and as for you, Sir, you could not have had a better introduction into our quiet household."

"My dear fellow!" cried Wendling, with such a beaming face as they were not accustomed to see on him, as he brought one hand down on Weber's shoulder, and pointed to the stranger with the other, "our friend here needs no introduction—his name and his works are recommendation enough."

"Herr Conductor—"

"Hush!" said Wendling, smiling delightedly, while the whole family gazed in curiosity at their guest, who began to feel quite embarrassed.

"And whom, then, have we the pleasure of greeting?" asked the mother.

The young man would have replied, but Wendling clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Not a word!" he cried, threatening him, with mock ferocity. "You must guess!"

Then all of a sudden, Aloysia sprang up, pushing aside her spinning-wheel, and cried—

"Mozart! I bet it is Herr Mozart!"

"So it is," said Wendling. Then there was an enthusiastic greeting from every one; for that name, already so renowned in the musical world, was well known in the Weber household.

"But, girlkin!" at last said Wendling to Aloysia, "how came you to guess it?"

Aloysia blushed, as the attention of all was suddenly turned to her by the question; but immediately recovering herself, she replied, that it had flashed upon her like a revelation. Besides, she had heard them say yesterday, at the opera, that Herr Concertmeister Mozart was present in the audience.

"And so I was," said Mozart; "and was right glad to hear you sing, for your voice is exceedingly sweet and pure."

"You heard and saw only a beginner," replied Aloisia, with sincere modesty.

"Saw—yes!" returned Mozart, with his own peculiar frankness; "but I heard a cultivated singer. Your style is excellent, and when your acting is a little better, you can go where you please as a prima-donna."

Possibly this judgment, expressed by any other young stranger, might have seemed arrogant to the family, and been somewhat resented; but the tone in which the words were said, full as it was of the same hearty frankness and straightforwardness which shone in the young man's face, allowed of no mistake as to his good meaning. Besides, there is in all men of genius a certain something which acts as an overwhelming power over common persons. Their souls feel instinctively the presence of a mightier spirit near them, and they yield willingly to it, even before they are conscious of this natural submission.

So was it here, while the lovable and genial nature of their guest put forth its unconscious winning influence on the Webers. It was evident that the characters which met here were naturally adapted for each other;—frankness met frankness; truthfulness met truthfulness; sincere friendliness met sincere friendliness in return.

It was no wonder, therefore, that Mozart had already before half an hour had expired, clean forgotten where he was; at least he felt as much at home as if he had grown up with the family. At Wendling's request he had brought with him several songs of his composition, which Aloisia now sang, while he accompanied her on the clavier.

Most enviable gift of genius, that it can so delight good hearts! While the music was going on, there stood father Weber, blowing clouds of smoke from his pipe, as though he had undertaken to hide all Olympus with them; the orchestra-conductor expressed nothing but beaming delight from head to foot; while the mother's eyes were full of tears, and the children sat as if at church.

When at last Aloisia came to a terribly hard passage, which Mozart had written in Italy for the famous *De Amicis*, and went through it with extraordinary skill, then Amadeus also was carried away with delight and surprise. Forgetting where he was, he sprang up from the clavier, took the maiden by the shoulders, and exclaiming, "Wonderful! I must give the girlkin a kiss for that!" he carried out his words without an instant's hesitation.

Every one laughed aloud; and little Hermann, clapping his hands and spinning round like a top, cried—

"Now Aloys will have a beard! She has let herself be kissed!"

Aloisia herself was red as a rosebud, and so half-terrified that she fled to her mother's side like a scared fawn; but the father, who usually failed to see the fun of such proceedings, recognized its harmlessness on this occasion, and cried, laughing:

"A kiss in fun  
Harms never a one."

Then to give things another turn, and relieve her daughter's embarrassment, the wise mother gave orders for tea, and quick as a flash both the girls had disappeared—one to set the table, the other to give directions in the kitchen. Meantime the gentlemen talked about music, and at last came to speak of a man who was just at that time very noted in Mannheim, and afterward famous throughout the musical world—Abt Vogler.

Weber praised him, but Wendling held fast to his assertion that Abt Vogler was a musical mountebank. In support of this he pulled a paper from his pocket, and unfolded a huge poster; then turning to Amadeus, he said, in a tone of indignation:

"Herr Mozart, what sort of a man and composer can he be who announces the programme of his new work in enormous letters after this fashion: 'A Sea-Fight!—The Fall of the Walls of Jericho!—Stamping-out Rice in Africa!'"

Here a merry peal of laughter from Mozart interrupted the reading: "What sort of a man? I should say he was a fool or a mountebank, certainly!"

"Didn't I say so?" cried Wendling in triumph. "When a man tells me, as Abt Vogler did, that he can make a composer in three weeks and a singer in six months, I call him the biggest swindler and windbag in the world!"

"Well," said Amadeus quietly, "I am curious to see the man and hear his music. I hate to judge a thing without a fair trial. There are people who push their originality to the point of *bizarerie*."

"Yes, and hide their quackery under it!" said Wendling.

After the simple meal—the "Evening-bread"—was over and the tea-things removed, the remainder of the evening was passed most pleasantly. Mozart was never in better spirits, and entertained the whole

company with wit and odd tales and an inexhaustible stream of droll verses. The last thing before they said good-night, he sat down to the clavier, and improvised for a long time, till the whole witchery of his presence seemed to be transmuted into music and sink into their hearts.

But wherefore sat Aloisia so long without dressing, at the window of their sleeping-chamber, gazing out through the round panes into that rainy midnight? She hardly knew wherefore, herself. Her mood was one she had never experienced before: joyful—almost happy; and yet so oppressive, that her heart trembled and palpitated.

"Why don't you come to bed?" asked Constanze, now for the third time, and half-asleep.

"Because I am so excited!" answered Aloisia: and her sister turned over, and softly slept.

### Herr Richard Wagner.

Few living composers have created wider themes for controversy than Richard Wagner. He has his passionate admirers, and his equally passionate detractors, which is the case only with men of unusual merit; mediocrities seldom calls forth violent emotions of any sort. Herr Wagner holds strong opinions, and does not stay to measure terms when he expresses them. He attacks the opera as it exists with great warmth, denouncing it as a "frivolous institution"—inexcusable language when the immortal masterpieces it has produced are remembered. But, it is only just to add, Herr Wagner is not fired with that absurd ambition so generally attributed to him. He has no wish to destroy the opera; on the contrary, he desires to make it greater, to elevate it to something beyond what it is or has ever been—not to sing solely for the sake of singing, not to be content with mere melodies, not to lead a convict to death to the air of a jig, but to strive always to express sentiments. There is nothing revolutionary in all this. It is a principle carried very high, and Herr Wagner's defect is that he exaggerates it. He only in reality takes up the doctrine that Gluck held a century ago, and which the Gluckists contended for against the Piccini's.

No other art exercises such an action over the soul, touches the very essence of the spirit, as music, and Gluck's desire was that this power should never be lost sight of. He wished that vain and superfluous ornaments should be put aside—that parasitic airs should never be written expressly for some favorite prima donna or tenor—that music should not serve to amuse, but to call forth the highest and grandest emotions of which the human soul is capable.

But Herr Wagner's reproaches are not merited to the full, because the opera neglects this noble doctrine far less than he believes. Great artists have always understood that this was the highest aim of music, and how frequently they have compassed it! Let us take as a single example Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a masterpiece in all its parts—one that can never be excelled. The whole of it, from one end to the other, is not only imbued with the local coloring it should have received; but each part, musically speaking, has its own distinctive stamp, which marks the individuality of the personage in as perfect a manner as in any play that Shakespeare or Moliere ever wrote. Truth will never be better realized in art. The French art-axiom, "*Le beau est le splendeur du vrai*," can in truth be applied to it. Herr Wagner, however, wishes to go further. He estimates that by an alliance of the diverse arts of the poets, of the musician, of the singer, of the decorator, of the machinist, a still more profound effect should be produced, and he predicts that this alliance will be made. This is what he calls the *art of the future*, and what his adversaries have very unfairly ridiculed and called the *music of the future*.

Whether the ideal of this polemical composer be realized or not, it is noble, and it is deplorable that it has been so misrepresented that its author is held up to ridicule. Herr Wagner is no iconoclast, as his detractors wish to paint him; he is a man who aspires to the grand and sublime with passion, aye, perhaps with fanaticism. Let him attain his goal, or let him fail, he should not be held in contempt, for high aspirations, unfortunately, are not contagious in these days. Whatever may be his defects, he is in earnest in his aspirations, and earnestness in high aims should always command respect.

He was born at Leipzig on the 22nd of May, 1813, and studied at Dresden, as well as at the university of his native town. He manifested at a very early age a strong love for that art to which he has consecrated his life. He was attached successively to the orchestras of the theatres of Königsberg, Dresden, and Riga, and in 1841 he visited Paris, taking London on his way. He crossed the Channel in a storm, and this episode furnished him with fresh musical inspirations; once arrived in Paris, surrounded by

privations and troubles of all sorts, he finished "Rienzi," his first opera, and wrote a second, "The Phantom Ship."

On his return to Riga two years afterwards, he wrote an overture for Goethe's "Faust," as well as "The Apostles' Feast." His remaining operas are "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," and the "Nibelungen." Besides being a musician, Herr Wagner is also a poet and critic. He has written his own librettos, and has defended his theories by pen on several occasions. The celebrated Liszt has published, under the title of "Lohengrin et Tannhäuser de M. Richard Wagner," his own reflections on the principal works of this composer. In politics Wagner is a warm Liberal. His opinions got him into trouble in 1848, when he was compelled to leave Saxony and take refuge in Zurich, where on his arrival he was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm, and at once offered the post of director of the orchestra, at the theatre, as well as conductor of the musical society of that city. He lived there several years, but now resides in Munich. The youthful King of Bavaria, who is infatuated with both the musician and his compositions, grants him a pension of 4000 florins. In 1852 Herr Wagner accepted the invitation of the London Philharmonic Society to undertake the direction of their concerts for that season; and musicians will remember the proof he gave of the astounding memory with which he is gifted. He led Beethoven's, Mozart's, and Haydn's symphonies without a score before him, without a note to refer to.

### Music Abroad.

#### London.

**OPERA.**—The attempt to form a union of the two Operas having failed, Mr. Mapleson had secured Drury Lane and was to open on the 28th of March. In a style of much less verbiage than usual he announces his prospectus:

The sopranos consist of Mmes. Tietjens, Christine Nilsson, Clara Louisa Kellogg, Sinico, Bauermeister, Corsi, and Rose Hersé, a young lady who has passed the matriculation of the concert-room, and is now an opera undergraduate. The principal contraltos are Mme. Trebelli-Bettini and Mme. Demeriz-Lablahe. The tenors are Signors Mongini, Fraschini, Bettini, Conti, Agretti, Mr. Lyall, and Mr. Tom Hohler. The baritones and basses, Signors Gassier, Scalese, Zoboli, Bossi, Casaboni, and Foli, Mr. Santley, and Herr Rokitansky.

The list of the operas to be presented is scanty as regards novelty. In fact only one novelty is promised—Wagner's "Lohengrin." The chief revival of the season will be that of the "Gustavus" by Auber, a work produced at the same house between twenty and thirty years ago and received with acclamation. The "Gazza Ladra" is also announced, to be supported by Mlle. Louise Kellog, Mlle. Trebelli, Signor Bettini, Mr. Santley, and Herr Rokitansky.

The list of old favorites is long and satisfactory, referring among others to Mozart's "Flauto Magico," Cherubini's "Medea," Beethoven's "Fidelio," Gluck's "Iphigenie in Tauride," Weber's "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon."

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Mr. Gye's prospectus is thus mentioned:

The list of works which the manager of the Italian Opera proposes to set before his patrons includes three novelties. The first is Rossini's "Assedio di Corinto," which was originally destined for the Italian stage, but which, rearranged by its illustrious author, was brought out at the Grand Opera in 1826. A work by the author of "Guillaume Tell" and "Il Barbiere," with which the English public are not acquainted, will doubtless be welcomed with acclamation. The original of "L'Assedio di Corinto" was Maometto Secondo, which was represented for the first time at San Carlos, of Naples, during the Carnival season of 1820. The principal artists were Mme. Colbran (afterwards Rossini's wife), Mlle. Chaumel (subsequently married to Rubini), Signors Mozzari Cicimarra, Benedetti, and Filippo Galli. Six years after, on the 9th of October, 1826, "Le Siège de Corinthe," considerably altered and amplified from "Maometto Secondo," was produced for the first time at the Grand Opera of Paris, with MM. Nourrit père, Adolphe Nourrit, Dérivis, Prévost, Mlle. Cinti-Damoreau and Frémont, as interpreters. About the year 1832 or 1834, "L'Assedio di Corinto" was performed for the first time in this country at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini in the principal characters. Some

years later an English version of "The Siege of Corinth" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Balfe playing Tamburini's part, which is written in Rossini's most florid style. The principal characters in "L'Assedio di Corinto" at the Royal Italian Opera will be sustained by Mlle. Adelina Patti, Mlle. Lavrofska, Signors Mario, Naudin, and Colini. The second feature of interest is Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco," an early production of that composer brought out in Milan in 1845. The third is the rearrangement of "Le Domino Noir," which Auber—inefatable at eighty—is going to trim up again: with more energy, we think, than prudence. We await with some anxiety the result of Auber improved by himself; for the "Domino Noir" is, as it is, perfect. A new Italian translation has been made expressly for Covent Garden by M. de Lousières. The "Domino Noir" will be produced soon after the arrival of Mlle. Pauline Lucca, who will be assisted in the principal characters by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Signors Mario, Cognoti, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and M. Petit. Of "Giovanna d'Arco" we are simply instructed that "this opera eroica of Signor Verdi will be produced towards the end of June, and will be performed for the first time in this country, the part of Giovanna by Mlle. Adelina Patti, her first appearance in the character in England." The rest of the repertory will be filled with last year's novelties—the "Romeo" and the "Don Carlos"—and with old favorites, such as "L'Etoile du Nord," "Robert le Diable," "La Figlia," "I Puritani," and "L'Africaine."

In the artists engaged we meet with the well-known names, to mention which is to recall old successes. Among the sopranos are Mmes. Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, Antoinette Fricci, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Morensi; in the tenors, Signors Mario, Fanelli, Neri-Baraldi, and Naudin; and in the baritone-basses, Signors Graziani, Cognetti, Ciampi, Bagaglio, Tagliafico, Polonini, Capponi, and M. Petit. To the ladies are added Mme. Fioretti, the brilliant *fiorutrist*, who made so favorable an impression four years ago; Mlle. Vanzini (from the Scala at Milan)—who makes her first appearance in England; Mlle. Lavrofska (from the Opera, St. Petersburg)—her first appearance in England. To Mlle. Vanzini is entrusted the part of *Gilda* in "Rigoletto"; we therefore await in her talents equal to the importance of the part, although her antecedents are unknown to us. Mlle. Locatelli would appear to be a *contralto*; but Mlle. Lavrofska's qualification is not given. Signor Colini among the bassi will have his time pretty well occupied, for *Marcel*, *Bertram*, and the bass part of "L'Assedio" are the important trusts allotted to him. Mlle. Patti is again the star of the company of Mr. Gye, who, by the way, manifests some sensitiveness as to "public rumor having busied itself much of late with certain reports as to Mlle. Patti's retirement from the stage." She is not to retire yet awhile, adds Mr. Gye; and therefore it behoves the public to enjoy her while her public career lasts. Mlle. Patti is announced to fill the principal characters in "L'Assedio di Corinto" and "Giovanna d'Arco." She will also appear for the first time in England as *Elvira* in "I Puritani," and she will resume her impersonations of *Ninetta* in "La Gazzetta Ladra," "Dinorah," and "La Figlia del Reggimento," which she has abandoned for several years. Mlle. Lucca comes to us with St. Petersburg laurels, and will in the course of the season repeat her favorite characters of *Margherita* in "Faust," *Leonora* in "La Favorita," *Valentine* in "Les Huguenots," *Cherubino* in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and is set down for *Angela* in "Le Domino Noir." The list is defective in the basso element; for the names of Faure and Ronconi are absent—two gentlemen very hard to replace. *En revanche*, Signor Mario is said to have found rejuvenescence during a Russian campaign, and to have taken out a new vocal lease. We trust to find rumor so far correct.—*Orchestra*.

The programme has appeared of the preliminary arrangements for the forthcoming triennial Handel Festival, to be held, as before, at the Crystal Palace, London, in the month of June—the days fixed being Monday the 15th, Wednesday the 17th, and Friday the 19th; the great general rehearsal being appointed for the preceding Friday, the 12th. The directors judiciously adhere to the former practice of giving the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" on the first and third days—those works being admittedly the grandest of all Handel's oratorios, and most eminently representative of his powers. The second day, as on former occasions, will consist of a miscellaneous selection. The vast resources of the Sacred Harmonic Society and other London choristers and instrumentalists, with the large additions from provincial sources; the personal superintendance and direction of rehearsals and performances by Mr. Costa; and the excellent arrangement of business details by the Crystal Palace authorities, offer strong guarantees for success in this great undertaking. With the be-

ginning of the month of June is to appear, by subscription, a fac-simile in photo-lithography, of Handel's manuscript score of the "Messiah," taken from the original in the Royal library. The profits of the publication are to be shared between the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Royal Society of Musicians.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 25, 1868.

### Music in Boston.

OTTO DRESEL gave the fourth of his five weekly "Readings of Piano-forte Music," last Thursday afternoon,—too late for notice in today's paper. The two preceding Readings were extremely interesting, and, although one occurred on the eve of Good Friday and the other in a pouring rain, the Chickering Hall presented an inspiring show of the best sort of audience.

Mr. Dresel's second selection opened with a very satisfactory arrangement which he had made of the Andante of a well-known Symphony in D by Haydn, full of piquant elegance; the crisp *staccato*, the light and shade, the pointed accent of the rendering were all that could be desired. Then came a Sonata of Beethoven (Op. 31, No. 3, in E flat),—just the finely passionate, intense, nervous one which Mr. Dresel is sure to play better than almost anybody. The Scherzo in D flat (*Allegro vivace*), with its fitful explosions of passion, followed by quick *staccato* phrases in underbreath, and the sweeping *Presto* of the Finale, in 6-8, were brought out with most vivid force and sharpness of outline; like scenes revealed at night by lightning.—A singularly beautiful *Introduction* (we know not whence he took it) and three *Mazourkas* of Chopin, well contrasted, closed the first part.

Part second comprised an *Allegretto* (crisp little movement in close *Canon* form) by Schumann; a *Scherzino* by Mendelssohn; a Song or two of Robert Franz, transcribed by Liszt; an *Etude* by Thalberg, one of the few really original, poetic works of the father of the modern virtuoso school; a charming little "Albumblatt," fugitive piece, of fresh date, by the concert-giver himself; and a very spirited *Presto Scherzando*, new to most, by Mendelssohn:—all choice, in matter and in the manner of their presentation.

Here is the programme of the third "Reading," April 16.

<i>Allegro</i> from op. 58.....	Schumann.
<i>Minuets and Gavotte</i> .....	Bach.
<i>Allegro</i> from op. 58.....	Schumann.
<i>Sarabande, Rondo and Gavotte</i> .....	Bach.
<i>Sonata</i> , op. 52.....	Beethoven.
<i>Mazourkas</i> .....	Chopin.
"Evening," from the "Phantasiestücke".....	Chopin.
<i>Phantasiestück</i> .....	Otto Dresel.
<i>Scherzo</i> , from <i>Sonata</i> .....	Chopin.
<i>Notturno</i> .....	Chopin.
<i>Waltz</i> .....	Chopin.

The first four numbers were grouped into one kaleidoscopic series, passing from one to another without pause, and making an ingenious and charming whole of a variety of single pictures. The alternation of little things of Bach with little things of Schumann was a felicitous idea. The *Minuets*, *Gavottes*, *Sarabande*, &c., from Bach's *English Suites* and *Partitas*, though of a more antique, formal cut, are as fresh as if they had sprung up in these very April showers, and have a poetry of their own quite as fascinating as those flowers of modern romance; with the healthiest, finest things of Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, they go well together. Their ap-

parently thin harmony, mostly in only two or three parts, implies a harmony as full as Schumann's. They look like very simple things to play; you may get through them, glibly enough, scores of times, with your own fingers, and yet not suspect a tithe of their beauty and their point until you hear them played by an artist like Dresel, whose reverence for Bach is not pedantry, but live communion with the spirit.

The Beethoven Sonata in C, op. 58,—one of the most modern in point of virtuosity—yet wonderfully poetic and *entraînant*,—transporting you indeed into a strange, romantic element,—we have heard interpreted by not a few famous pianists, both here and in Europe, but never before have we felt the power and beauty of the work so fully as that afternoon. In the last two movements, *Rondo* and *Prestissimo*, you are whirled away through Fairyland, and a very exciting time you have of it; in this light it is every whit as graphic and original as Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music. But, first, that short, mysterious, wonderful *Adagio* that precedes it with a broken marchlike rhythm! You are, as it were, led blind-folded, full of wondrous expectations, all deep chords in you strangely vibrating, into the midst of all these splendors and there suddenly restored to sight.

The most new and striking pieces in the second part of the concert were "Evening" by Schumann, and the *Scherzo* from Chopin's almost impossible Sonata, op. 35, in B-flat minor (he wrote three). The *Scherzo* has a marvellous fire and vigor in it, and must be extremely difficult to play, with such strange weight of harmony, and such relentless speed. The *Trio*, in a softer mood, has an exquisitely lovely melody. It is this *Scherzo* that precedes the *Marcia funebre* so familiar in concert room and parlor.

Next Thursday offers the only chance of hearing Mr. Dresel in this way for a year to come.

FOR THE CRETANS.—The Symphony Concert, given by the Harvard Musical Association in aid of the Ladies' Fair for the Cretans, was not, we regret to say, so successful for that object as it was musically. For the first time the prestige of the Harvard concerts failed to fill the Music Hall. It barely paid expenses. The indifference of the many, who have always answered to the call, was something unaccountable, and, when we think of the splendid result of the concert for the same purpose, under the same auspices, last year, rather mortifying. Only some seven hundred people came. Neither the intrinsic charm of the music, nor long repeated notice, nor the busy tongues of the Fair itself, of which it was to be the closing scene and festival, could overcome the lethargy. Even the newspaper critics, those vigilant and valiant racers on a wordy sea, seemed to be sleeping on their oars, in anticipation perhaps of the long pull of a whole week's Festival in May, and had no word to say, no sage opinions to announce, after a concert equal to the best; Gilmore's and "Grand Duchesses" never catch them napping, but Gluck, Beethoven, Chopin—do not need them! Probably, however, the mistake was in the timing of the concert; it should have followed up the regular Symphony series in quick continuity, before the current of interest could shift to other objects; it was looked upon as so far future that people dropped it from their thoughts and did not pick it up again; the Fair itself, instead of helping the sale of tickets, stood rather in its way; and now, just ahead, there loomed the Great Festival to overshadow it. Finally, the weather was as bad as possible, and lent little stimulus to people weary with excitements.

But the concert was a good one, and those present found in it delight and inspiration. Could it be otherwise with such an orchestra, and this programme?

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis".....	Gluck.
Seventh Symphony, in A.....	Beethoven.
Piano Concerto in E minor, Op. 11.....	Chopin.
Hugo Leonhard.	
Overture to "William Tell,".....	Rossini.

The "Iphigenia" Overture still holds its place among the most beautiful and noble of orchestral preludes, and its sure charm soon made the dark and dreary day forgotten. A few strains of the Seventh Symphony, and the supremacy of the ideal world was all complete. Mr. LEONHARD played the Chopin Concerto even better, if that were possible, than before; indeed wonderfully well, exciting rapturous applause. The "Tell" Overture, most brilliant of concluding pieces, calling up pictures of mountaineer life in the beginning, and closing in such a rousing peal of patriotic heroism, hence easily associated with the Cretan struggle, was played with remarkable spirit and ensemble, the tempo of the finale being taken almost too fast.—So everybody went away musically happy, in spite of the disappointment of not adding another thousand dollars to Boston's noble contribution for the homeless Cretans.

The Fair itself, however, without this intended aid, was a signal, glorious success, far outreaching in the sum realized the highest mark which it had set for itself in the most sanguine hopes of its projectors. Dr. and Mrs. Howe, and Mr. Rodocanachi, the Greek Consul, who has given heart and soul and strength to it, must feel very happy in it; and Boston may feel proud,—“our little city, set upon a hill” as Wendell Phillips said), “amid the nationalities of the earth, backs Dr. Howe against the world,” sends nearly \$50,000 to the Cretans in a single year! This Fair besides, was so agreeable in every way, so beautiful, as to deserve mention on the score of Art, and in our record of aesthetic progress. The scene in the Music Hall was enchanting. Mr. Roeth had surpassed himself in his tasteful decorations, in which the Greek blue and white predominated, and classical emblems met the eye on all sides. All was in perfect harmony, a sight the eyes could feast upon and not grow weary. Then the tables, heaped with beautiful things, tastefully disposed, the youth and beauty and refinement, the faces shining with intelligence and goodness and enthusiasm, the prevailing courtesy and grace of manner, the pretty children, all so happy, the absence of all coarse discordant elements, even in the throngs of visitors, the sweet enlivening music, the rare contributions of artists (in paintings, albums, illustrated books), the fresh flowers, and the charming ones who dealt them out, the picturesque costumes, and finally the eloquence of Phillips,—all conspired to make up an ideal, yet most human, practical, substantial, world for the time being. It about converted us to Fairs; for it was good to live and move for one week amid so many good and noble people, where goodness lent to every face a certain beauty; where nothing but good will and kindness were continually developed, so that the atmosphere of the place was instinct with blessing and encouragement to all good impulses.

We must speak particularly of the music, although music of course cannot claim attention as *Art* under such circumstances; and music to a music-lover must be principal, claiming the whole attention, not a mere accompaniment to something else (except in dances, marches, &c.), in order to be enjoyable at all. But bright and festal strains from a band give buoyancy to such crowds, without suspending talk or trade. To these evenings the music, freely contributed, lent new life and charm. It was supplied on the opening night (Monday, April 13) by Mr. J. K. Paine and Mr. Eugene Thayer, in light and brilliant performances on the Great Organ; on two evenings, by the Band from the Navy Yard and Bond's Cornet Band, both excellent and happy in

their selections, and on three evenings by the Band of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, composed of some 25 of the blind pupils, under Mr. Campbell, the musical director of the Institution, himself blind, a man of wonderful energy and patience, great intelligence, thorough devotion to his work, who has made himself one of our most accomplished musicians, and has worked wonders in teaching music to the blind. Naturally the presence of this blind band was a touching feature of the Fair; nor did their music suffer by comparison with any. Indeed their greater number, and the greater variety of *timbre* in their instruments (they have six or eight clarinets, including a bass clarinet, never heard here before), and their selection of more pieces of a softer character, and the evident *feeling* with which they played, as well as good ensemble, good intonation, light and shade, &c., made their hearty service most acceptable. Particularly pleasant and suited to so refined an occasion were those Mendelssohn part-songs which they sometimes gave us upon four brass instruments; while the Wedding March, the popular street marches, waltzes, &c., by the whole band, were rich and vigorous without often running into noise.

MR. PARKER'S CLUB.—A concert by this vocal club of amateurs is too important an event to be treated of without some space; reduced to almost none, we must postpone the pleasant task of chronicling that of last week (given twice over), in which two large works, wholly new here, and of rare interest (parts of Schumann's Mass, and the whole of Gade's Cantata "The Crusaders") were so admirably rendered, the singing of Mrs. HARWOOD, in the latter, by its perfection of voice and style, dramatic expression, real inspiration, being something which we must count among the finest moments of our life in listening to great singing.

The great MUSICAL FESTIVAL of the Handel and Haydn Society will have begun before another issue of our paper. The preparations are progressing well, and the demand for season tickets has been eager. Besides the Oratorios and other works named already, the programme will include (for the last afternoon concert) an interesting novelty: Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," a copy of the score having at last come to hand.

MONSIEUR FETIS, cited with so much flourish upon one side of the great Piano controversy of the Paris Exposition, is the knowing one who, in 1832, wrote this "heathenish" criticism on the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture:

"The first impression made by Monsieur Mendelssohn's overture is not advantageous. I do not speak of the *incorrectness in harmony*, and the *contempt for the art of composing*, which are manifested in this work. Monsieur Mendelssohn is of a school which is not very severe on these points."

MR. ANDREAS T. THORUP, well-known in Boston some years since, and much esteemed as a musician and a man, died suddenly last Sunday in New Bedford. We learn the sad news from the *Mercury* of Monday:

SUDDEN DEATH.—Our whole community was startled and shocked, yesterday morning, by the intelligence that Mr. Andreas T. Thorup, one of our most respectable and esteemed citizens, had terminated his life, by a pistol, in a moment of temporary insanity.

The deceased was by birth a Dane, and came to this country in 1839. Shortly afterwards he was invited from New York to officiate as organist at the First Congregational Church in this city, a position he had occupied ever since, with the exception of a few years while a resident in Boston, where he was organist in Rev. Doctor Gannet's church. There, as here, his generous disposition and child-like purity of character made friends of all who knew him. He leaves a wife and one son, about 16 years of age, to mourn the irreparable loss of one so devoted and

faithful to them. And in this community, where in all the relations of life, he had for so many years held the esteem of his fellow citizens, a wide circle of acquaintances sympathize with those who grieve most, that disease in its most cruel form has brought him to an untimely grave. Mr. Thorup's age was 51 years.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13.—The 13th season of Mason and Thomas's Chamber Music Soirées closed with the 6th of the series, at Irving Hall, on Saturday evening, April 11th. I append the programme:

Quartet, D minor.....	Mozart.
Sonata, P. F. and 'cello, G minor, op. 5, No. 2 Beethoven.	
P. F. Sonata, G minor, op. 22.....	Schumann.

Octet, E flat, op. 20.....Mendelssohn.

These fine compositions were admirably played by the faithful and conscientious artists to whose untiring and but poorly remunerated efforts a growing taste for this class of music is mainly due in this metropolis. Any detailed analysis of the works performed is of course unnecessary, but it will suffice to say that the successes of the evening were the Mendelssohn Octet and Mr. S. B. Mills's superb performance of the exceedingly intricate Schumann Sonata.

The Octet exhibits—as it seems to me—less of the author's charming and unmistakable individuality than one finds in his later works. It contains, however, many exquisite passages, and when we recollect that it was written in 1825, when Felix was a mere boy of 16, we cannot be surprised that the unanimous judgment of the musical world has placed Mendelssohn among the "bright immortals."

Mr. Mills, as we have intimated, achieved a notable success in the solo Sonata. The composition is not attractive to the general mass of hearers; one has to search too deeply after the intention of the author, and one's nerves are too intensely strained in the quest. Mr. M., however, brought out most admirably the themes which lie hidden beneath the labyrinth of notes, and his skilful handling of the mechanical difficulties which crowd the Sonata, won from the audience a very enthusiastic and well-deserved encore.

These Soirées have been most enjoyable during the winter, and the audiences—although disgracefully small—have mostly been composed of the earnest lovers of true Art. The deficiency in numbers has been more than compensated for by the presence of thorough and intelligent appreciation. Our enjoyment has been sometimes marred by the stalking in, during the performance of some fine passage, of persons with diabolically creaking boots, and—an even greater nuisance—by the crackling and rustling of newspapers in the hands of prosaic boors. These little performances are extremely annoying to those who sincerely desire to listen and who attend these concerts with no other purpose. If such "disturbers of the peace"—viz., the aforesaid boors—could be summarily kicked from the hall your correspondent would be happy. Doubtless there are many others who would experience a similar feeling of satisfaction.

The regular Sunday Evening concerts terminated with the 27th of the series on April 5th; but a supplementary "Easter Concert" was given last evening. Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Mr. G. W. Colby, Mme. Natalie Testa, Miss Topp, Mr. Simpson, Carl Rosa and J. R. Thomas were the soloists upon this occasion. The first section of the programme was devoted to sacred music, while the second contained several glees, ballads and madrigals.

Mme. Parepa sang delightfully; indeed one might almost wish that sometimes she would fall short of her usual excellence so that one might deviate occasionally from the set phrases of admiration. Miss Topp played one of Liszt's vagaries in such fine style and with such grace as to win an encore; to this she responded with a quaint Air and Gavotte in the Bach style. Mme. Testa sang "O rest in the Lord" and another solo in a simply shocking manner.

I close this letter with two items of news. Mr. G. W. Morgan, so long the organist at Grace Church in this city, has resigned that post, and the position is to be taken—so runs the rumor—by Mr. S. P. Warren. Item 2d: Mr. Leopold DeMeyer sailed for Europe in the *Hansa* on Thursday last. F.

**APRIL 20.**—Mr. G. W. Morgan, the well-known and efficient organist at Grace Church, had his annual concert at Irving Hall on Thursday evening, April 16. He was assisted by Miss Adelaide Phillips, S. B. Mills, Theo. Thomas and others.

Messrs. Mills and Morgan played a fantasia for two pianos upon "Don Juan" and did it in fine style. Mr. Mills also played his "Recollections of Home" and, being encored, his charming "2d Tarantella." Mr. Thomas played most admirably a quaint Handel Sonata, which depended for its effect upon a pure and well-sustained tone. Miss Phillips sang three times, her first solo being the Handel aria which she sang so effectively at the 4th Brooklyn Philharmonic. She was in each instance warmly encored and received two superb baskets of flowers.

On Saturday evening at the Academy of Music we had the 5th and last Philharmonic. These were the orchestral selections:

Symphony, No. 1, B flat, op. 38.....	Schumann.
Violin Concerto, op. 61.....	Beethoven.
Theo. Thomas.	
"Midsummer Night's Dream" music.....	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Der Freischütz".....	Weber.

The programme also included three vocal selections by the Arion Society.

The Symphony is one of those indisputably great works which have made an enduring fame for Robert Schumann. Built upon a basis less broad than that of his masterpiece (No. 2, in C major), it is yet most vigorous and healthy, graceful and charming. The Larghetto is a passionate and delicious poem. In its completeness this is one of the great Symphonies.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" music is so well known that it needs no description. The Overture, an amazingly precious work for a boy of 15, and the famous Wedding March, are established favorites with the general public. The Scherzo is the gem of the work, and was played wonderfully well by the splendid orchestra of 100 members.

Mr. Thomas scarcely did justice to himself or to the Concerto. Admitting, as we gladly do, his eminent ability, it is nevertheless our duty, as a conscientious critic, to say that his performance was less smooth and easy than might have been desired; it seemed too labored. It is but justice to Mr. Thomas to say that the difficulties of the composition are immense, and that it lies awkwardly for the instrument.

The Arion Society sang with good effect two songs without accompaniment, and one, called "A Roman Triumph" in which the orchestra assisted. The "Farewell," which was really well done, met with great favor, was warmly encored and, contrary to the rule of the Society, a repetition was obligingly accorded by Herr Bergmann.

The Academy was crammed from parquette to ceiling. Indeed the attendance during the entire season has been unprecedentedly large, both at the rehearsals and concerts. This evident hearty appreciation of the purposes of the Society must be, and doubtless is, extremely gratifying to those staunch and steadfast pioneers of Art who, twenty-six years ago, founded the N. Y. Philharmonic Society. F.

#### The Encore Thief.

"Mr. Sims Reeves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristol audiences ought to deal fairly with him. He is called upon to sing twice everything which is put down for him in a programme, and bullied for not doing so. He was so treated on Monday night."—*Bristol Times and Mirror*.

At the usual hour yesterday morning, Mr. Punch, the worthy Magistrate, took his seat on the bench. The night charges having been disposed of,

Bonassus Bellowmore, cheesemonger, was placed in the dock, charged with a determined attempt at theft.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent vocalist, stated that he had been engaged at Exeter Hall on the previous night to sing in Handel's oratorio, "Jephtha." He had sung to the best of his ability.

The Magistrate.—Then you must have sung very finely.

Mr. Reeves bowed, and continued. He had given the great and very trying air, "Deeper and Deeper still," and the audience had been good enough to signify the warmest approbation. He sat down, when the prisoner, with violent shouts, demanded that the air should be given over again. Many of the audience indignantly protested against the prisoner's dishonest conduct, but he persisted in his attempt at theft, and was at last given into custody. Mr. Reeves added that though the attempt at robbery had been directed against himself personally, he appeared on public grounds, and had no vindictive feeling against the prisoner, who, he thought, was stupid rather than wicked, and perhaps might be dismissed with an admonition.

The prisoner said that he would not be called stupid. He liked music, and chose to have as much of it as he could get. He stuck up for the privileges of an Englishman, and stood on Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

The Magistrate.—The Statute of Frauds might be more in point. But don't talk such nonsense, man. Who are you?

Prisoner.—A cheesemonger.

The Magistrate.—Is anything known of him?

Policeman, B. 52.—I believe he is a respectable man, your Worship, but he is in the habit of acting in the way he done last night.

The Magistrate.—Did last night, you mean. That evidence does not tally well with your statement of his respectability. Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner.—I should say I had. What am I dragged here for? I say I like music, and I'll have as much as I can get. Why shouldn't Mr. Reeves sing twice when I tell him?

The Magistrate.—Dear me, this is very dreadful, and I dare say this person is intrusted with a vote. Listen to me, prisoner. You sell good cheese, I dare say?

Prisoner.—Very good, your Worship. I should be happy of your custom.

The Magistrate.—Send me in a first-rate Stilton, ripe.

Prisoner.—It shall be at your Worship's house before dinner time.

The Magistrate.—It shall be paid for on delivery. If I like it, I will tell you to send me another, and that shall not be paid for at all. I like cheese, and I will have as much of it as I can get.

Prisoner.—If I was not speaking to a Magistrate, I should call that stealing.

The Magistrate.—Of course, it is stealing. Exactly like your trying to take a second song from Mr. Reeves for nothing.

Prisoner.—O bother! A cheese costs me money, I pay the farmer, and I pay the carriage, and I pay my shopman, and I pay the carter, or I could not deliver the article.

The Magistrate.—A song costs Mr. Reeves money. He paid for instruction, he paid for years of study in Italy, he paid for the Broadwood on which he practised, and he paid for the carriage that brought him to the Hall, or he could not deliver the article. He undertook to sell it to you, and he did, and then you wanted another for nothing. The production of the article required special machinery and great skill, and caused much wear and tear of physical powers. Yet you persisted in your dishonest course.

Prisoner.—I don't see it in that light.

The Magistrate.—Then try and see it in the light of a prison cell. I shall deal with you as I should with any other rogue, who, buying one cheese of you, stole another. You will go to the House of Correction for a month.

Mr. Sims Reeves interceded for the prisoner.

The Magistrate.—Well, Mr. Reeves, I am bound to say that you put a great temptation in his way, but he must learn to resist temptation. An example is necessary.

The prisoner was then removed to the cell, but before the arrival of the van he begged to be allowed to express his deep regret for what he had done. He supposed that he was stupid, but it had never occurred to him that an artist's voice was his property. He would never offend again.

The Magistrate kindly ordered his discharge, but intimated that he hoped any similar offender would be taken into custody, and brought before him for punishment, which he should certainly receive.—Punch.

#### Special Notices.

##### • DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

##### LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

##### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O summer gales. (Sachez le bien).

"La Belle Hélène." 35

Come to the feast. (Venus au fond). "

35

Two favorites, the last having a simple but very taking chorus. The English words are not translations, but have a Grecian character, and transport one to merry scenes on the shores of the Aegean.

O that we two were Maying. Duet. Clifton. 40

Many who have sledged (and shoveled) amid the snow banks this spring, have been ready to respond in full chorus, "O that we *too* were Maying." But there is room for all in the woods and fields, where, with flowers in either hand, you may pause upon a hill top, and perform this fine duet.

Under the Mulberry tree.

Allen. 30

The two boats.

H. Russell. 30

So they come, with the sweet flowering season. Songs of the trees and songs of the water; blue water and green leaves, both strangers for so long!

She is a winsome wee thing. Mietzke. 30

A sweet little ballad by Burns, and so prettily set to a Scotch-like air, that one cannot help having a good opinion of "the wee wife" there celebrated.

U. S. Grant is the Man. Campaign Song. 30

There's a song for you, gentlemen! Bright and stirring enough to cause the whole Republican party to spring to its feet, and a grand thing to shout out at the onset or the victory. Pass it around to all the clubs.

Well-mated. As sung by Howard Paul. 30

Arranged by Mrs. H. P. and is comic, pretty and easy, not rising higher than D on the 4th line, which fits it for a mezzo-soprano, or any other voice which does not rise higher than that letter.

##### Instrumental.

Elfenhall Waltz.

Heuser. 35

A brilliant affair, of easy medium difficulty.

Firefly Waltz. White Fawn.

McKeever. 30

A very pretty little affair, graceful and light.

La Roses. Grand Waltz.

Knight. 40

Composed by Metra, and arranged by Knight, and is pleasing throughout. It includes four waltzes, in the keys of C, F, B flat and G, and is not difficult.

Pretty Jemima Galop.

Coope. 30

This composer is very "coot" (Dutch Tr.) at getting up pieces of simple construction, and easy to play, that are at the same time very pleasing.

Grand Polka de Concert.

J. H. Morey. 60

Brilliant and effective.

Mildred Godfrey. 40

A little in the style of "Mabel" and "the Guard's" waltzes, but only a little, and quite original and pleasing.

##### Books.

ORATORIO LIBRETTOS.

each 30

Those who have carried Librettos to the hearing of Oratorios, will very likely follow up the practice, since the enjoyment of the music is thereby so greatly increased. These librettos contain, in addition to all the words, a large portion of the solos, and a portion of the choruses, almost, in fact, serving the purpose of a complete book of the music.

The set includes The Messiah, Creation, Elijah, Sampson, Judas Maccaebaeus, Naaman, Eli, St. Paul, David, Moses in Egypt, Stabat Mater, and the semi-sacred Seasons.

Buy now and be studying out the melodies which are to please you in the coming Festival.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

